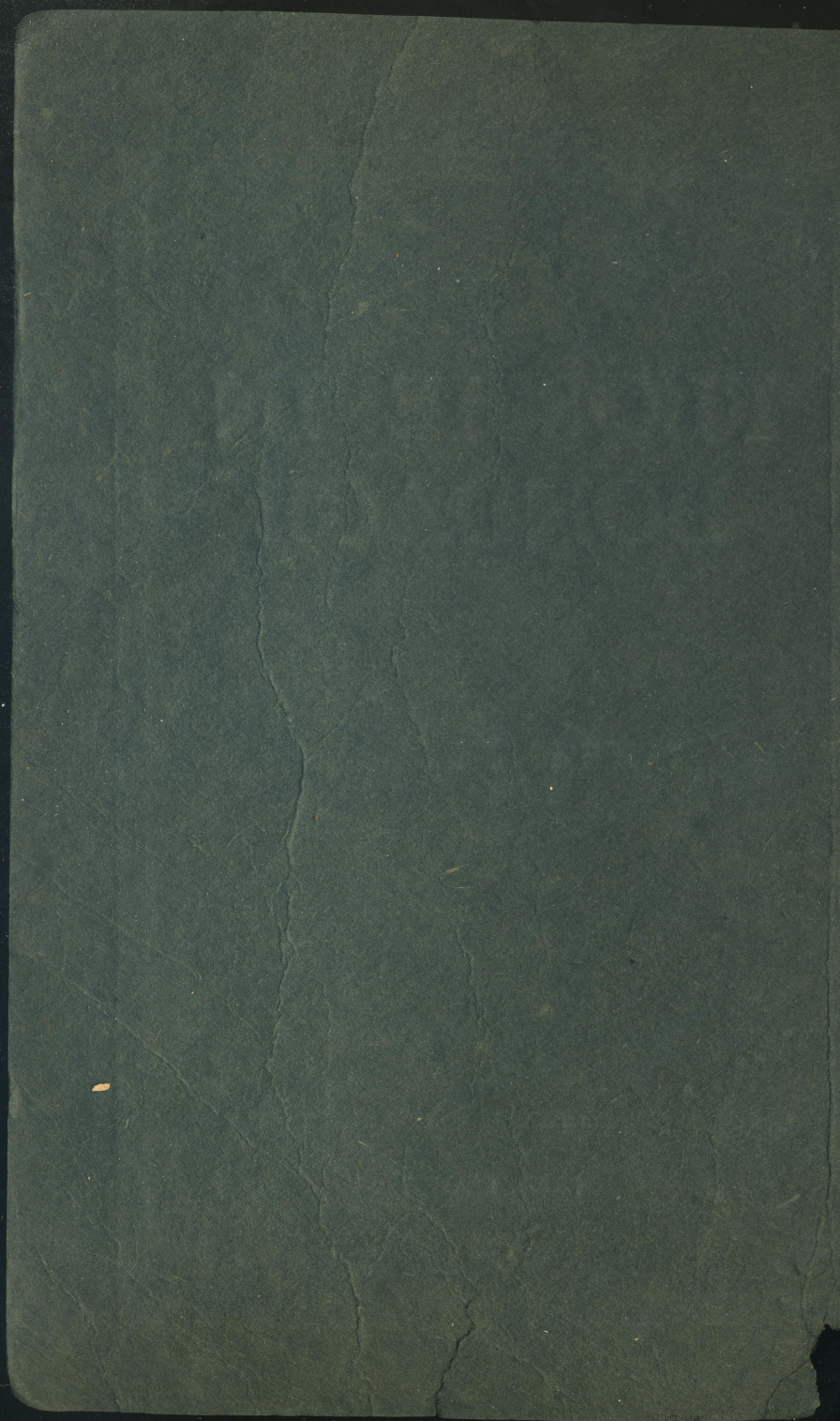


FLOSSIE IN
BONDAGE

PRICE FIVE DOLLARS

PUBLISHED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY

PARIS, FRANCE

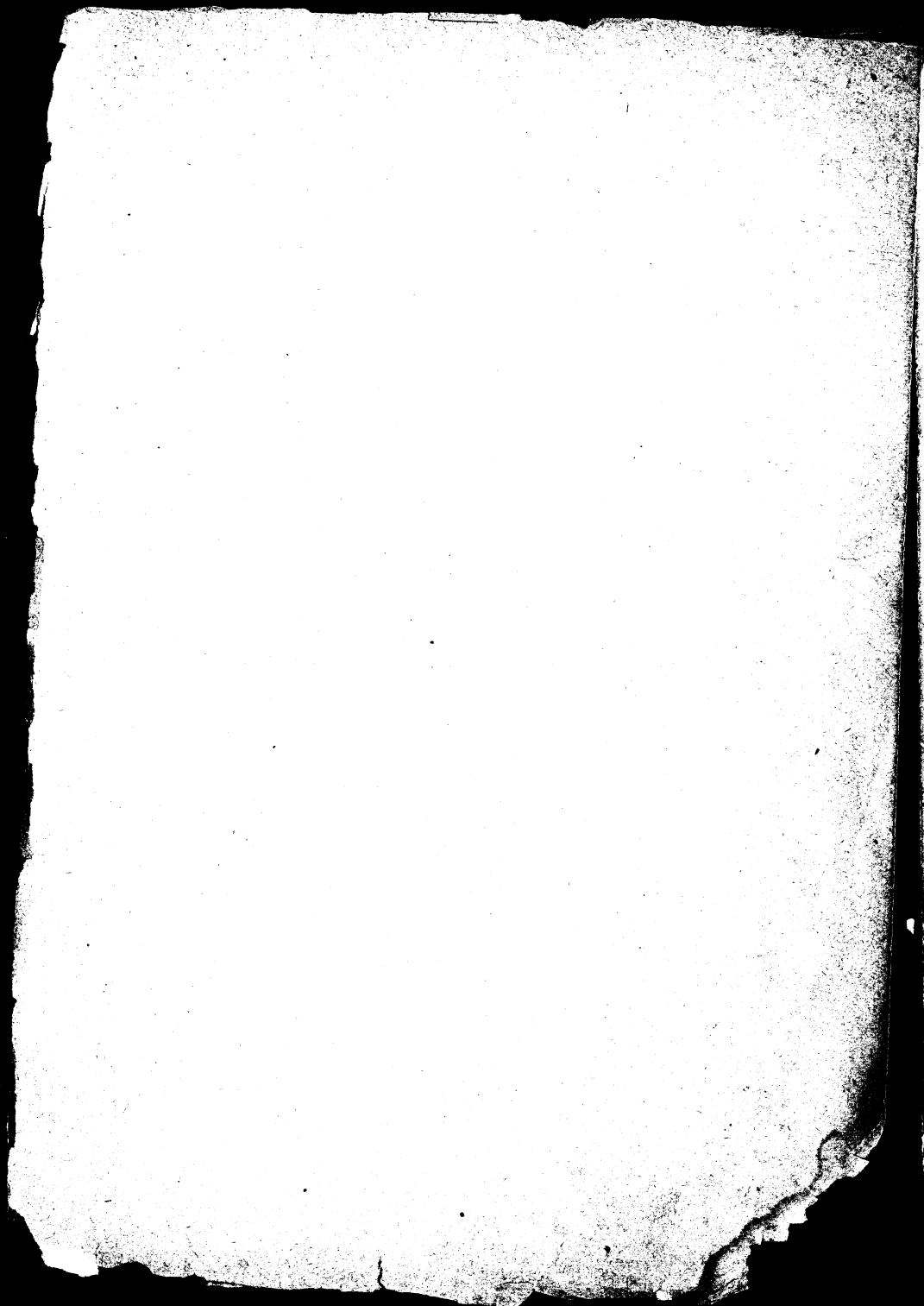


FLOSSIE IN BONDAGE

PRICE FIVE DOLLARS

PUBLISHED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY

PARIS, FRANCE



PARIS FOR A DANCE.

We entered the Palais D'Coite. It was a most attractive tavern with hotel atmosphere. Roland registered, then we were led to a "private dining room," that is, it was called that by the host. In reality it was a sumptuous bedroom with a table elaborately set for dinner. I was awe-struck by the dreamy affect in the appointment of the room.

At the end of this chamber, furthest from the door, was an inviting bed. How I would like to get laid in it, I thought.

Apparently this room was carefully made for fuckers only. The ceiling above the bed was mirrored! the foot and the head of the bed were similarly fitted.

Heavy damask drapes hung along side the bed. They could be drawn and completely hide the bed. I presumed that this arrangement was made for bashful parties-carrees, or else to help muffle the lustful shrieks and cries of passion maddened fuckers.

Dim red lamps cast a sensuous glowing pallor

throughout the room. With such atmosphere who would not become passionate? I know my cunt was glwng with the same red pallor of the room.

Evidently the dinner was arranged beforehand. It was served as soon as I removed my white wrap and tam.

Roland locked and bolted the dors, then he kissed me with the fervor of youth in its wildest stage. I opened my dress so that he could obtain a more complete view of my, until-a-few-minutes-ago, virgin charms. He dashed his lips to my white, plump bobbies and tried to suck them thin. I was already hot enough to receive his bursting dick, but he spoke:

"First we'll drink a love potion and eat a hearty meal . . . it feels even better then."

"Why beloved, could anything feel any better than that we have both indulged in . . . it was so divinely heavenly," I looked at him with a hazy lustful expression in my eyes.

"With such alluring atmosphere and you, the zenith of seductiveness, I, in this room expect to reach the highest height of joys . . . the crowning fuck of my life," he spoke, poetically and in utmost sincerity.

He gripped me in his arms agai nand carressed me with artistic grace. It touched me as no other kiss ever did. Then we **began our meal.**

First we drang two delicious cocktails. They reminded me somewhat of my first dring with Don, my former flame: How different everything here was copared ti that dingy little speak-easy, and how different a girl I was then. He tried to put his hand on my knee then. I slapped his face and I cried. Now I dared anything! just to cool an itching pussie. Funny isn't it, how a girl's morals change in so short time?

Never before had I looked at a meal that made me see the between the legs, but this mal did! What a dinner! I later learned that the dishes were chosen to produce this result. Not only did they cause ones' passions to rise by gazing upon them, but they were of such constituents that they created abronmal secretions of the love juices and imbued the promotion of jazzful feelings.

I assume that every man and woman who fucks knows that the more love syrup a man or woman has the hotter they get and the longer they fuck; even the feeling is greater. This meal was more or less an appetizer for the coming feast of the flesh.

When I had finished about half of my meal, from the affects of the many flavored wines, I was drunk, not from the alcoholic contents of them, but from the strange passion exciting elements that they contained. I was "rarring" to fuck. I would have dis-

robed in the middle of a public thoroughfare or park if I knew that would beget me the big prick that I now so impatiently yearned for.

We both were nibbling on oysters when Roland seized another bottle of champagne, as though some idea suddenly struck his mind. He reached for the glasses, his eyes at the same time gloated over my bared titties. He filled two of them to the brim and spoke:

“Here I sto a fascinating girl, with a ravishingly beautiful form and a betwitching cunt, may she forever be mine and full of spunk, right now she’s hot and full of shot!”

We did not drink. I wanted to get a toast out of my mind with even more lust than Roland’s. I was continually getting warmer between my legs, my cunnie was burning, itching, and genuinely cock-hungry. I picked up my glass, as did he, and through my passion dimmed eyes I dreamily gazed into his and declaimed:

“Here’s to my lover,
A king of a shover;
His supply of cream,
Into my cunt it shall stream;
Such floods of delight
I want every night;
His cream is like dew,

It will always make me spew;
May he always reign supreme,
Of his prick I will always dream!"

Just fancy a demur girl, with an innocent, baby-face of twenty springing a toast like that. I actually blushed at my unprecedented boldness. You should have seen Roland's face when I finished. It had that, baby-I-could-fuck-you-to-death, expression written all over it. The way he rushed around to my side of the table I thought he was going to eat me. He milked both of my titties, first with his hands then with his mouth. We were both the worse from the bubbie stimulating exercise. Then he released me and panted:

"You lovely cock-stimulator, I'll finish my dinner with your cream puffs!"

He again bent and sucked on the stiff red nipples, sending many more shivers of delight through me. I almost wet my chemise, but Roland stopped just as I felt my tube beginning to contract. I really didn't want to come then because I wanted to save every drop of luscious spend for the dessert to this meal . . . our cunt and prick embrace; besides when I come I always want a big throbbing prick between my legs.

I wanted to surprise Roland with the same kind of attack that he visited upon me. Impulsively I

dashed to his side of the table and before he was fully aware of my purpose I had unbuttoned his trousers and bared his bursting cock. I tenderly fondled it with my hands, then I found its eye with the tip of my flaming tongue. Roland squirmed and groaned under the spell of this attack. After swabbing the head lightly with my tongue I put the entire crown in my mouth. I drew my lips very firm and held them in that position for a few minutes. Then slowly I drew my lips, keeping them tight all the time, until they freed his stormy peter. Roland almost came.

"Now Roland, I've repaid you. Now sit down and eat, please! If you show me that big handsome thing of your's again I'll go off in my panties. You know dear when I go off I want every bit of you in me."

We continued our dinner as my lover gazed at my fat little titties. Those two springy mounds of flesh with their insidious red nipples standing outward perkily, were reminiscent of two little hard-as-iron peters.

"Gee-whiz, girlie," Roland said feverishly, "I could feast on your titties forever! How I would like to fuck you between those two appetizing mounds of meat! And how wonderful it would be to watch my juice flood your immaculate neck and trickle over to put cream on your two ripe strawberry nipples. Baby

I'm cunt crazy! You are the cause! I can hardly wait . . . oh I'm going to fuck you so good!"

These words streamed right through me, starting at the nipples of my tits, they sent an electric thrill down to my itching slit between my legs.

Just before we finished our dinner Roland opened another bottle of wine and proposed the following:

"If my little queen will d the belly dance upon the table, then she will be my choice to take across the sea with me . . . here's to Flossie, the queen of belly dancers!"

I wasn't shocked, but I certainly was surprised . . . who wouldn't be? A trip to Europe just for a belly dance. I never had seen an actual performance of this requested dance, but did I balk? I should say I didn't!

I gave the room a hasty scan to determine whether it was possible for anyone other than Roland to witness the exhibition. Even the key-hole had a covering. I trembled as I mounted the table, not for fear of being caught amid this lascivious dance, but I was not confident whether I could perform this fete well enough to merit the promised trip abroad. After all I had only heard of this dance, yet I formed a mental opinion of its description. That is all I had to gy by. I wanted to do my best to please my man.

I removed all my clothing, except my slippers and

stockings. I had always thought that shoes and hose add to the seductiveness of the nude feminine form. I opened and closed my legs at the thigh joints, thus teasingly revealing my red lipped cuntie. You should have seen Roland! How he gloated! His eyes burned with a passionate fire and bulged from their sockets.

I glanced in the mirror to see the effect that I must be causing in Roland. My God! I created a scene that would make any man drunk with lust, let alone one with Roland's cunt-loving nature. It was brazen, but what in the Hell did I care. For a trip abroad this was merely a down payment . . . I would have performed an act ten times as rash if I was asked to do so. Didn't I want to go stark nude in the public park just for a big, fat, juicy prick between my legs?

Roland blew me a kiss, then he applauded. I then kicked off my slippers so that I would be more certain of my footing. I posed for a moment with my legs apart. I knew that my swollen slit composed a tempting picture. I was certain that through the strands of silky protection my vaginal mouth beckoned my lover's lust to higher spheres of uncontrollable prick-in-cunt desires. Its moist and pulpy lips protruded plainly through those soft, silky, protecting hairs.

I do not think it is necessary for me to describe the dance as everyone has probably seen it. I have

described how I looked upon the table. You can imagine how nice my plump bubs looked shaking in every direction. And Roland said that it was worth a million dollars to watch my pussie whirl. He told me that everytime I moved down the mouth opened and as I went up it closed.

My audience could bear the scene no longer. He pulled out his beating cock and began to shake it in every direction. It grew very large and glowed with lust again. I was so fascinated by this I almost forgot to continue with my act. He kept his eyes fixed on me. He muttered and panted in glowingly eloquent terms, approval and encouragement. This made me hotter and wilder; as a result my movements were becoming more frenzied and more distorted. I guess if y pussie wasn't grown in me I would have shaken it from its folds.

I raised my hands and placed them behind my head. Then I elevated my juicy shaft so that my cunt-hungry admirer could look deep into my fiery slit. I cried to him:

"Rollie dear, make your's come, I want to see it shoot!"

I went through the motions of fucking as I had watched him going through the lewd ceremony. If I were really jazing some one I imagine that I would have been one hot and furious fuck. All this brought

me to a point of maddening erotic feeling. I felt that if I saw him come I too would spend.

Roland's hand began to more tightly clutch his peter. Its knob grew more purple and swollen, to the point of bursting. His hand increased its speed, then he moaned:

"Flossie, are you look—I—I'm—Ah— I'm coming! Here she comes! See it squirt! Oh, how good it feels! Ah—h—uh!"

He went off, it looked like milk pouring from a cow's teats. He shot all over the table, floor and a few drops found my spew-thirsty slit. His balls elevated and sank. Each time they went through this movement a machine-gun-like barrage of sperm came flying out of his one eyed crater, scattering at tangents; more or less a volcanic eruption in miniature.

When the last drops of his creamy dew ran over the part that divides the two sides of his cock's head, I dashed from the table to his side. I placed the turgid spew sopped knob of his bobbing pole in my mouth. My, oh my! I have never till then tasted anything so delicious as his sperm-oiled reeking knob . . . and remember I had just finished one of the most appetizing meals that I had ever eaten. This was incomparably more ravishing! I guess I am a girl who is far more spew-hungry than feed-hungry.

How I sucked those last drops of priceless cream!
Roland writhed in agonizing ecstasy!

In a trembling voice he moaned:

"Suck it all out girlie. Oh God! How lovely it is!
How ravishing!"

His strength ebbed as I continued with this operation. He fell into a submissive swoon, still I continued to extract the remnants of salty, deliciously warm, precious fluid. I swear by Eros it was good!

This action did not tend to subside my fires. When I had finished, the itch in my cunnie had grown to giant size. My pussie was craving to be prick-crammed.

I poured a cordial for Roland, who now seemed so faint and weak. Instead of swallowing the drink he merely sipped the brim so that it would not overflow. Then, as though he had regained all his vim he picked me up, carried me over and placed me on the bed. he assured me that my quim would not be neglected, but it must have a drink.

Roland quickly undressed. I must confess that his body revealed youth and true masculinity; well formed and apparently strong muscles, suggesting a member of a daily calisthenics class. His skin was baby-white and well covered with hairy patches. It seemed as though nature had awarded my lover more than his share of male qualities. The one fea-

ture of his that attracted me most of all was his superbly handsome, already hard again, prick. It was as fat, long, and juicy looking now as it was before his recent spend. It protruded from his large bewiskered balls like a drum-major's baton . . . in fact it beat like one too. Of course, I wondered how long could his remain in that position.

After he had removed all of his clothing he took the glass of cordial in his hand and approached the bed.

"Now open your legs, sweet," he commanded.

I could think of no other request that I would have welcomed more at that time. His orders clicked perfectly with my mood. I raised my plump, little lilly bottom, thus elevating my pulsating pussie, and propped my knees high and wide. My cunt section was about six inches in the air. He gazed longingly and carnally at my stretched spew-thirsty slit, which was so wantonly exposed to his cunt-seeking view. His eyes glared like two spot-lights! In puzzled anxiety I awaited his movements. He placed two fingers within the lips and pryed them apart. His warm touch made my pussie twitter. My tube opened and closed in anticipation. Oh mercy, how my orifice flamed! Upon my word, it felt like it was really burning! It might have been my imagination, but I sensed steam rushing through my pulsating vaginal

tube and bursting part my two swollen, red, pliant lips.

Roland was now observing my smacking lips more closely, he watched them open and close. A maniac's carnal smile beamed from his lips. What the Hell are you going to do? I wanted to say. I was lust crazed too. A fast fuck is what I needed much more than anything else in the world. Give it to me you God-damned cunt teaser, I'm glad I didn't speak that impulsive thought . . . even if I would have, I wouldn't have been at fault, most girls know how insanely lustful they become when they are played with this way and the prick is meditative about enterning. In this condition all women want to be transfixed by the biggest, meatiest and most heated prick in the world . . . or available at the time. Yes, and they have a desire to swim in the ecstatic pools of nectarious spew.

As my coozie opened once more, Roland dashed the entire glass of cordial into the depths of my delirious cunt. Then he held the lips together to allow the sapid juice to penetrate into the inmost depths of my womb. At first this cunt drink soothed and cooled, but God! as soon as it reached my uterus . . . a million bugs, no a billion, were biting and scratching at the walls of my interior nest!

"Christ Almighty, God, Roland, I'm going crazy!" I screamed, as I underwent this experience.

Without a doubt this was the wildest frenzy of passion that I have ever undergone . . . surely, I thought I would either die or be left a life long prick-o-maniac! I couldn't even faint to escape this delightful torture.

"Roland!" I exasperated, "God-damn! . . . Roland! do something! . . . Oh for Christ sake! I'm going nuts . . . Oh I'm dying! Please!" Then I cried in delirium, "God have pity on my soul, I know I done . . ."

I did not finish my last sentence, because Roland had begun to answer my pleas. He dropped to his knees and with the skill of a master, glued his lips to my open cunnie mouth and before any of this passion engrossing fluid escaped, he began to suck. He drank every drop from my burning chambers.

He began to ravish my pussie with his lips and tongue . . . how I craved for a spend! Only God and I know, I cannot explain this to anyone.

His lips, tongue and tickling mustache were now beginning to be an even greater stimuli than the cordial. I crossed my legs around his head and drew his jabbing dart further into my nest. If I was to obey the dictates of my will at that moment I would have drawn his entire head within my slit and have him wiggle his ears. Ye Gods! How he did suck and lap



me! He paused now and then, increasing my frenzied yearnings to come.

His skillful performance of this act had its telling effect upon me. I began to screw my plump little ass around. I let my left leg slip from his neck and fall upon his gigantic bolt. I tickled the bottom of my foot on the head of his red-hot peter; it was truly hot, because it almost burned the sole of my foot. Gosh, but it was hard! Just as rigid as a bone. Its undulating motions rocked my foot up and down. It seemed as though his kissing and tongue-garnishing my cunnie had caused his lust to continually rise. I rubbed my limb all over the crown of his cunt-penetrator.

I soon felt my climax nearing, so I cried in pants: "Rollie! . . . Oh Rollie dear! . . . ah! . . . uh, so good! . . . put your tongue in further! . . . oh, faster! . . . faster! . . . Rollie! . . . how nice . . . you suck and tongue-fuck me so nicely! . . . Ah-h-h-ooo-ah-h-uh-h!"

God damn, but it was good! Gee-zoo, but I loved it so! Since he knew that my climax was approaching he began to tickle my ass-hole with his finger and work his dagger with more zeal. I again began to hug him with my legs . . . firmer and firmer as the spend neared. Boy, it was getting good!

The flood gates of love at last released my dew!

I panted, writhed and murmured, as I convulsively opened and closed my thighs about his neck. I strained the muscles of my belly, each time my spasmodically contracting cuntie sent out a delicious dose of love's sweet syrup. The feeling of gratification overtook me, but only momentarily . . . only too soon I wanted his dick in my cunt.

After he had completely lapped my discharge, he sealed his task with a soul satisfying upward sweep with his tongue. He arose from his kneeling posture, his dick still lust-swollen. Any other girl would have expired from fright at the sight of this gigantic cunt-seeking prick, but not I. This scene kindled another blast of libido in my reeking twat. Gosh, I thought, and this is only the beginning! I had just begun to enjoy the qualities of a genuine lover. I gloated over him as I spoke:

"Oh Roland dear, what a beauty it is . . . I can't understand how such a big thing gets into so small a place. How are you going to get it into me?"

"I'll show you . . . you sweet fuckable baby. You're beginning to make me wish that I was only twenty again."

"Raise your little fat ass . . . that's the nice little girl."

He placed a pillow beneath, thus setting my fucking machinery in a more convenient position. He

also placed another one under my head so that I could view the procedure more easily. Now we were all set for a comfortable and lingering jazz. Was I holding my breath? I'll say I was, and I was also holding my cunnie mouth open in readiness to gobble up the approaching explorer. I could plainly feel my nervous lips quiver in anticipation.

Roland caught both of my legs and strung them through his arms. He picked my plump, baby-skin thighs up so that the part was on the same plane with his bursting cock. I watched the operation from the mirror in the ceiling. My pussie was growing more and more impatient. When he had found the level that was most advantageous he refixed the padding that propped my bottom. Taking his monster-dick in one hand he put it close to my kitten's mouth; with the other hand he parted my crop of blond, silky, interwoven hairs. He placed his swollen purpled-knobbed prick within the meshy folds of my mellow pliant cunt-lips. My blood tingled with delight! For a moment he playfully fondled his dick-head in my juicy slit. He also rubbed it zealously to my clitty. I was excited to the point of insanity by the hypnotic influence of his pulsating giant.

After getting it well lubricated in the sapor of my sereing vent he sank it to the orifice of my pouting vagina. I could not prevent myself from lunging for



this ramming tool with my hand . . . such was my excitement; at last it found its goal. My cunt-tube yielded submissively to this terrific thing . . . suchavenous zest! He assisted my hand, in fact, he prevented my hand from making his instrument drive inward with fierce, cunt-ripping force. With the skill of a master he slowing, gently and almost painlessly drove his big Bertha home.

As it tunnelled its way in and in . . . God, the pleasure was great!

I now realize how much I could have spoiled my pleasure had I been allowed to do my will, that is, rush his in with brutal force.

Only the women who has been fucked by master screwers are able to understand the soul stirring thrills and sensations of a big . . . oh, such a nice, sweet dick . . . that is buried slowly and sensually into the depths of a super-prick-sensitive pussie well.

Roland trembled as he uttered:

“How delightful! . . . what a wonderfully tight pussie you have! . . . gee baby! . . . Am I hurting you, Flossie?”

“Yes, but I love it! . . . it feels so good . . . Oh how I love your big fat thrilling prick . . . it’s so damn good!”

When he had sunk his full eight inches into me, Roland allowed it to rest in that position for a few

moments. I could feel the pulse in his prick making it swell and bob. This provided a most absorbing and delightful blood-tingling thrill. Slowly his big cunt-cork began to pull out. It fitted so snugly in my tube that it felt like it was dragging . . . no, causing to collapse, the structure that holds my internal organs intact.

Whenever I think of that feeling I am always blessed with a coating of hot dew in my slit. You, dear reader, can rest assured as I penned these words I had at my service many big-pricked men fully capable of satisfying the many cunt-heating attacks that I have so far experienced and will continue to, during the course of writing this book.

As I have said he was slowly drawing his cock from my slit. When he had drawn it almost completely out he shoved it in again with a most terrific lunge. He repeated this action; each time he accelerated his speed. Back and forth it glided; at every stroke his magnificent mass of glorious stiffness caused me to make short outcries of ohs, and ahs, etc. A wave of ecstasy, which was produced by that hard raspiness under the knob, began at my coozie and ripped up my belly to my chest. There it would fade in the heavings of my bosom and the beating of my heart.

It was all so heavenly . . . I wished to prolong the agony of delight . . . oh, so badly.

He changed his course again. He drew it almost completely out, let it rest in that position for a short time, then he would take it and rub it between my quivering and clawing-on-his-prick, lips. Sometimes he would press it to my swollen clitty. With renewed lust, he would with terrific force, dash it in to the depths of my slit-tube.

Spend? I spend almost every time he plugged my hole in this manner.

The curtains were of little use. They certainly couldn't muffle my loud shrieks of unprecedented ecstasy.

The friction that is so overwhelming to the average woman was more than that to me. I could neither control nor prolong any of my comings. Every time I sht I became so overcome by the extreme pleasure that I lost my senses in momentary delirium; that can be partly blamed, if not entirely on the spasmodic contradictions of my vaginal tube. Gee! my whole belly seemed to squeeze whenever this happened.

I wondered how he could hold back so long. — Imagine, all this time he retained his load! He withheld his pleasure for a time that seemed like a half hour . . . it might have been longer. One never knows

how much time passes when one is engaged in a frantically emotional jazz.

His face glowed with a handsome pallor as he watched his tool appear and disappear into the depths of my come-soaked slit. He gloated over the spicy picture of us in the nearby mirror.

It was maddening. After being engaged in such lechery and lust for so long a time, in spite of this fact, he still withheld that precious fluid. I was actually hungering for another load of his hot juice to revarnish my womb with. Would he ever come?

He suddenly picked me up while his largeness was still in me and swung my legs over his shoulders. This spread my knees even farther apart. My fat, rubbery thighs held his neck snugly between them. How we ever managed to get tangled in that position, even Roland didn't quite understand. At any rate it gave his prick more freedom to work. It felt now, like even his balls were caught in my prick-trap.

Up, up, up, I puckered my crazed cunt . . . even his balls weren't enough to satisfy me. I wanted his whole body in my little twat. God, what made me so prick crazy? I didn't know. I guess it was what is commonly called "fuck-inebriation". I pushed my legs and stretched them . . . anything to make the

gap between my knees greater . . . ever pushing my cunt up to meet my big visitor more intimately.

I thought that I had enjoyed jazzing in the old way but it was nil compared to this new position.

He paused long enough during these thrusts to kiss me with all the fervor of his cunt-inflamed soul. He also moulded my bobbies with his hands.

“Flossie, what exquisite titties!” he exclaimed, then kissed me between my plump mounds, “and how deliciously you can fuck. Flossie, you are gorgeous. Oh-or. Bite me with your cunt-teeth! Eat it! Girlie, it’s so good! Oh, you hot cunt! I’ll . . . I’ll . . . fuck you full of love juice . . .” and he continued muttering between these entrancing, deep digs and twists.

I was speechless and could only gasp with convulsive thrills.

“Oh . . . Ah . . . Take that! . . . and that! . . . Oh boy! . . . mmm-mm!”

He sprayed his strong jets of creamy fluid into me. God, it ade me tremble so! He slowed down, closed his eyes and sank upon me. He wallowed in my arms and legs, panting in profound ravishment. This, a man enjoys so very much especially after he has shot a woman full of his nectra-like fluid.

Roland did not have a better spend than I, nor did he enjoy the feast as much as I. ow could he?

I experienced ten of the most heavenly and satisfying spends that I have ever had.

I lay there cuddling him in my nude arms and body, with his big, fat, bobbing cock still buried in me.

We were thus, both enjoying the aftermath of this delicious fucking.

For over an hour we played with each other's fineries. Roland sucked my firm nipples until I was tempted to ride again with his big, fat jock stuffed snugly between my plump thighs.

To excite my lover to another erection I toyed and fingered his enormous bag, digging my fingers into the sensitive nerve roots. I stimulated his imagination with vivid, enticingly lewd word-pictures of the fucking affairs that lie before us. I also described to him how irresistably desirable I would always keep myself in the future.

It was then that I had begun to study him more carefully. I wanted to understand him perfectly; his every sexual desire as well as the exact extent and strength of his libidinous nature. I guess I did this for some very good but indistinct reason . . . maybe it was because I once heard my aunt say that the best and only way to hold a man was by his prick, or something to that effect. At any rate I was determined to discover for myself how and when he wanted his

cunt. With all my mind, with all my soul, with all my heart, and with all my cunt I was desirous of holding my cherry-smasher . . . wasn't he the one experienced prick in a million?

I sought every artifice by which I could hold his fancy and arouse his lustful emotions.

I concentrated my efforts then on making his indulgence in my arms as highly seasoned with sensational spiciness as my immature knowledge would permit. I put his, still soft, knob in my pussie. Soon life flowed into it. The once soft head, which was now sheathed deeply into my vent was again beginning to throb and bob. It wasn't long until it stiffened to its original bigness.

To feel a man's cock expand within you and grow stiff is a most unusual sensation. Its slow, but steady widening in my vaginal walls made me burn with a fever to fuck. Lord! but I was aching to jazz some more! I had become so randy that I bit his face and chewed his tongue.

Roland did not mount me as he did previously, instead we remained lying on our sides in such a position that he could conveniently play with my baby-skinned thighs and fat round bottom. He watched my pussie as it swallowed his enormous, fat dick. The screwing which immediately followed, was an unforgettably voluptuous one. He kissed my lips and

sucked my titties as he pumped his steaming hot jock into my welcoming womb.

This was another occasion when I spent many times before he painted my uterine walls with his hot jets. How wonderful it was to once more feel the full force of his juice-sprayer. Unrelentlessly it pumped his hot balsamic load into me. He wallowed in my cunnie after each spasmodic jet of hot sperm was ejected and delighted:

“You delicious cunt! I could fuck you forever . . . God! but it feels! good!”

My nippers operated perfectly on his shooting prick. Soon they had extracted all the juice of this come.

My pulsating quim could no longer retain its glorious glue and I too spend with much fury. Our emissions thus mixed as I had extracted his last drops with my pussie’s pliers.

We sank into a delicious oblivion, then we prepared ourselves for our return trip.

During the entire journey home, he cuddled me in his arms and breathed many billing expressions into my ears. He also spoke of the **promised trip** abroad, London and Paris. With such beautiful words he embroidered these places that it appeared to me that we were to, in reality, embark on a voyage to an earthly Paradise.

We reached home about ten-thirty that evening, sealing one of the most heavenly episodes of my life.

Aunt Stella was anxiously awaiting my return. I introduced Roland to her. I assumed that her eagerness for me to arrive home was not one that was founded on worry for my safety, but a strong curiosity to know how my experience turned out and to learn the answers to the usual barrage of questions, such as: "How did you like it? Did it feel good? How did his thing look? Was it nice and big? How long did you go? How many times did you come?" and etc.

I perceived Roland gloating over the voluptuous charms of my would-have-loved-to-jazz-him aunt. At least that is what her eyes bespoke.

Men are funny creatures, aren't they? As soon as they exhaust themselves fucking one woman . . . as early as five minutes later they want to screw another dress covered, well set, ass and bubbied torso.

To themselves they say: "Gosh, but I like to try that . . . I'll bet she'd make some hot jazz!"

Some women are that same way about men. They too want to screw every handsome man that appears to have a big thing in his pnts in spite of almost being fucked to a heavenly death a few moments before. I, for one, belong to that group.

Roland didn't suspect it, but on my way home

every man I saw I wondered how big his concealed meat-stick might be.

"Was it as big as the cop's club," I would ask myself, referring to the one that clots about the corner of 42nd Str and Broadway.

The club idea was beginning to grow from a humorous illusion to an actual desire. I decided that someday I would make it a point to find one that big, even if I had to open my legs beneath a burrow and let him bury his gigantic article in me till it reached my throat. The thought of jazzing a burrow was another one of my ideas of humor. At that time I thought such a union was impossible . . . but it wasn't long before I learned how popular it really was. As I understand it, that is, the only way a forty-year-old whore can be appeased sexually.

Really I couldn't very well blame Roland for shining that want-to-jazz-you light in his eyes. The way Aunt Stella was clad was sufficient to warrant this desire. She wore a transparent kimona which daringly revealed every feature, including her attractive mossy patch . . . only this prevented Roland from seeing the happy lips of her I-love-the-pricks cunnie.

If I were to depart from the scene they would have, no doubt, indulged in each other's charms. Anyhow they both looked as though they could enjoy fucking each other, then and there. I was alert

to this possible situation . . . I was selfish, I wanted every drop of Roland's sperm, therefore I rushed my seducer from the house under the pretense that the hour was late and that we were both in need of a refreshing sleep. He was not at all pleased because he entertained his desire for auntie's coozie, but he moved toward the door hesitantly.

I was truly ashamed of myself for not letting him spend in Stell's, Roland's-dick-wanting, part in her legs but, as I have written, I wanted every jazz that my lover was able to perform.

After kissing Roland good night in Stell's presence . . . incidentally this embrace even made my aunt hot . . . I began to relate to her my adventures in the realms of unchasteness . . . and were they unchaste!

By the time I had reached the end of my tale we were both so cunt-steaming that we were compelled to finger-screw each other twice before we were able to doze into a, dreaming-of-prick-all-night, sleep.

